

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA-NORTH AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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General.

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Commissioner.

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(See page 5.)

Must I Sin?

Salvation is the yielding of a man to God, the drawing back of every bolt, the opening wide of the heart's door to Christ, the coming in of the King of Glory to His own dwelling, and the victory of the Lord, strong and mighty, over all His enemies that He finds therein.

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It does not say, "as many as hated sin," nor, "as many as made good resolutions," nor, "as many as wept and prayed;" but "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." These other things may be steps downward to the pool, but they are not the pool. The one vital turning-point in a man's history is the coming in of Jesus Christ.

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Prior to this the devil has it pretty much his own way, "but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, He taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

Here in a nutshell you have what Christ can do and how He does it. All your prayers, religious exercises and doings are only useful in so far as they are subordinate to, and co-operate with, this wonder-working Saviour within. The devil is strong, but, blessed be the name of the Lord, "there is a stronger than he."

"Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down." Light is stronger than darkness. Good is stronger than evil. Righteousness is stronger than sin. Heaven is stronger than hell. Jesus Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," is stronger, infinitely stronger, than the devil.

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This being so, how far can we be victorious sin by the power of Christ dwelling in us? Surely every devil, great and small, can be cast out of the heart, and every scrap of his furniture as well.

"But," says someone, "I don't believe it is possible to live without sin." Very well, let us examine the whole question. To begin with, sin is not a fog that chokes you whether you will or no, and cannot be driven back; it is certain specific thoughts, words, or actions.

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Is a man compelled to sin? Are we free agents? Are we responsible for our sins? If a man has not this freedom of choice he is not a sinner. There can be no punishment for an action, either in this world or any other, except on the ground that a man has liberty of choice.

This is the question—are you free to do or leave undone; speak or keep silent; receive the devil's thoughts and make them your own, or cast them out by the faith of Jesus Christ? Let your past experience answer. Take any sin or series of sins you like, written on the tablets of your memory, and ask yourself fairly and squarely whether in every case there was not a moment when you could have chosen the right and escaped the sin by the power of Jesus Christ.

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Now for the application. Don't you see that what is true of the past applies also to the future. All the things which are now past were once among the "to comes."

How do men fall into sin? A man sins because "he is drawn away of his own lust (meaning any wrong desire), and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." But we have a Saviour who "Himself hath suffered being tempted, and therefore, 'He is able to succour them that are tempted,' and 'will with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it.'"

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Temptations will come. A man lives fifteen, twenty, thirty, or forty years neglecting his Godward faculties, and allowing his earth-

ward faculties to get stronger every year. When he gets converted, his spiritual faculties are slow, sleepy and stunted, while his earthly faculties are keen, wide-awake and vigorous. Hence, in the nature of things, come difficulties. It serves us right that they should come, and we ought to welcome them as a part of our schooling in divine things.

But there is no necessity for us to go under. Only make "the Most High thy habitation," and "thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." By "taking the shield of faith, ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

Said the angel of the Lord: "He shall save His people from their sins." Are you one of His people? "Yes," your heart replies, "blessed be His name, I am." "He shall save His people from their sins." Are you saved from yours?

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Was it worth while for the Lord Jesus Christ to die on Calvary, if we can never be free from sin and sinning? That He never contemplated such a result is abundantly clear from the whole tenor of the Book. It says distinctly that "He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity." Clearly, then, if you are not redeemed from all iniquity of word, deed, and thought, He died in vain as far as you are concerned.

Your birthright, as a son of God, is deliverance. It is yours by faith in Jesus Christ. If you persistently sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, who is to blame? Jesus Christ meant that you should walk in white with Him, and no power in earth or hell can hinder but yourself. If your soul was hungry for righteousness, you would soon be filled.

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What about the past? "Oh, yes," say you, "there is a precious, cleansing river that can cleanse from all sin." Very good; but what about the future? "Ah, there," you reply, "I'm not at all sure." Well, never mind—we'll try to help you. Can't you see that the faith, willingness to obey, and self-abandonment which brought cleansing for the past would, if applied to the future, keep you clean?

Has there never been an unstained day in your life? If one day, why not two? Live a day at a time.

Don't look at your sins in a mass; take them in detail. Write down the different kinds of sins into which it is possible for you to fall, and put a cross against those from which Christ cannot deliver you. Look through the damnable list, put your finger on your sin, and then ask yourself the question, "Can the God whom I serve deliver me?" And the Master will reply, "According to your faith, be it unto you." Do you want deliverance?

GOD AND MAN.

Like so many other things in our lives, the triumph over temptation depends upon co-operation between man and God. Over and over again the Scriptures insist, in one form or another—by example, by precept, by entreaty, by warning—that God and man must both work, and must work together, and must work to the end, to finally accomplish man's salvation. "Salvation is of the Lord," says the prophet. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," says the apostle.

GRAVEYARDS.

There is room enough on earth to find graves for the finest abilities and noblest powers. The ground which received one talent will also receive the five. Every man can be his own sexton. You can easily find a spade to dig a grave for your talents and abilities, your money, and your time. But understand that in burying your talent you are burying yourself; in burying aught that God has given you, you are burying part of your very life.—Joseph Parker.

Mems. from a Memory.

"Come round to-morrow morning and be ready for work."

"Very well, sir; what time?"

"Six-thirty."

The above is the termination of a conversation between myself and the manager of the R— A— Gas Factory, at a garrison town in England.

I had applied to him for work as a laborer, and had been successful.

Punctual to the minute I appeared with the other men awaiting orders. To me was allotted a rather peculiar task. I was instructed to take a pot of red lead and climb to the top of one of the "holders," or gasometers, in the yard, and everywhere I detected the faintest odor of gas I was to plaster that small crack with the lead.

I took my pot and commenced my ascent. To a novice the journey up the side of one of those towering edifices is somewhat disagreeable.

You are inclined to wonder what would happen if you missed your hold, and if you glance down the earth appears much further away than it really is.

Well, I reached the summit without accident and walked along a little, and then threw myself face downwards on the top and began to "nose" around.

Now and again I would hear a faint "hissing" noise—faint, but distinguishable—and would diligently apply my red lead until the hissing ceased.

I was so absorbed in my occupation that I failed to notice the wire "supports" that interlaced each other across the top of the holder, and in examining a suspected leak close to the side I caught my foot in one, and have a vivid recollection of seeing my lead pot go flying over the side, very quickly followed by—your humble servant myself.

Now, it would be very hard indeed for me to adequately describe my sensations during that mad flight.

I remember I felt very queer—I had a feeling akin to sea-sickness as I swiftly fell downward through space.

Apart from my past misdeeds welling up, I was busily engaged in wondering if I should hit a horse and wagon that was just below.

However, to quote an Irishman, the earth sprang up and hit me, and I remembered no more till I found myself in bed.

For a few moments after regaining consciousness I did not know where I was, and eventually it dawned upon me that I was at home in my lodging. I tried to move, and very quickly stopped trying to do that.

It appears that I lighted into a big heap of "breeze," that is, very small, soft coal, and no bones were broken. I was bruised pretty freely and felt terribly shaken, but that was all.

That was my first experience as a paracutist—and my last.

When one comes to look at it, that flight of mine was somewhat typical of the mad plunge into sin we all have, and the swift "pulling up" we get when God speaks to us. The sensation is not all unpleasant, but the crash is what hurts.

The great difference, though, in the resemblance is the fact that with my fall the crash was sure to come, whereas in sin's you can prevent the climax.

If you appeal to God and confess your sorrow at your headlong plunge into the vortex of sin, He will lift you up and prevent your utter ruin and guide you for the rest of your life in this world and protect you from all like falls.

It is for you to think of this, and if you are now entangled in that net of sin, appeal for help and so extricate yourself.—Fortis et Lenis.

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If God is no more than an hypothesis He cannot be much help to us.

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A big Bible under the arm may indicate a very small Bible in the heart.

THE QUEEN AND THE GENERAL.

PRIVATE AUDIENCE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—HER MAJESTY EXPRESSES HER SYMPATHY WITH THE ARMY'S GREAT WORK OF AMELIORATION AND RESCUE.

The following is the official account which was furnished to the press of the General's second visit to Buckingham Palace within a month:

"General Booth paid another visit to Buckingham Palace on Saturday. On this occasion it was to be received by Queen Alexandra, who, although she has for some time been deeply interested in the work of the Army, has never before met its leader.

"When the General visited King Edward, just before the opening of the Army's International Congress, the Queen was not at the Palace, but on Friday a message was sent to Headquarters intimating that Her Majesty desired to see him on the following day.

"The General is still in council at Clapton with his leading Commissioners from all parts of the world, but a short vacation was called, and at noon, accompanied by one of his Staff, he arrived at the Palace. He was received most kindly by some of the chief officers of

the Household, and was soon in the Queen's Reception Room. The interview was, of course, a private one, but it was of a very cordial nature.

"Her Majesty manifested the keenest interest in the remarkable growth of the various departments of spiritual and social efforts, which have grown up everywhere the Salvation Army is established, and assured General Booth of the sympathy she has long felt for the great body of devoted officers which he has gathered around him in various parts of the world."

We are privileged to add a few other particulars concerning the above interview.

The General, who, as on the previous visit, was accompanied by Commissioner Pollard, drove in a bansom to the Palace. Here he was received—welcomed more accurately describes it—by Lieut.-Colonel Frederick, M.V.O., Deputy-Master of the Household, a gentleman who led the way down the stately

corridor, whose walls were adorned with the royal worthies of the past, to the parlor where the interview took place.

The Reception.

The reception by Her Majesty was of the kindest character. There was an absence of those rigid formalities that so often necessarily characterize the intercourse with royal personages. In fact, from beginning to end, the interview was altogether a truly human affair.

The General was able, for the moment, to lose sight of the high rank and position of the lady into whose presence he had been summoned, while on the other hand Her Majesty, carried away by her womanly sympathy with the great work of amelioration and rescue in which the Army is engaged, seemed to disregard those considerations of Court etiquette usual and proper on such occasions.

The Queen assured the General that she had watched the movements of the Army for a long time past, and constantly read its literature with interest. She congratulated the General upon the success of the International Congress, expressed the satisfaction she felt regarding our work in Denmark, and spoke of the kindly feelings with which her brother, the Crown Prince, viewed the operations of the Army in that country.

The Queen also spoke of the pleasure with which she had looked upon the happy faces of the officers attending the International Congress, whom she had seen from time to time.

Her voice modulated and became sorrowful in its tone when she referred to the lamentable loss to the Army caused by the tragic death of the General's beloved daughter, the late Consul.

Royal Appreciation.

The conversation turned upon the character of the Army in its different aspects, all showing the sympathy of Her Majesty's heart for suffering and her appreciation of all practical and successful efforts made for its alleviation.

The interview, which lasted half an hour, added one more illustration to the promise, "Then that honor Me I will honor!"

As the General viewed the palatial and resplendent room in which the audience was held—furnished with all that art and skill and wealth combined could produce—and as he looked through the windows upon the beautiful and spacious park outside, and listened to those expressions of appreciation from the lips of one of the highest-placed ladies in the world, what were his feelings? Whither did his memory travel?

We have no doubt his mind when back to the dark struggles of the Army's early days, and to the long, rugged roads which it had traversed, and the scorn and obloquy heaped upon it in the past by all classes and conditions of people. And as he stood there, he doubtless realized that the hand of God must surely have been with him for the long struggle to have culminated in so remarkable a recognition.

A Beneficent Result.

We believe—nay, we have heard the General say—that the prevailing feeling in his heart at that moment was that God would bring out of this historic episode something to further benefit the struggling and suffering constituency whose needs he so near his heart.

We are sure our readers will join us in praying that the Lord, in His infinite love, will continue to bless Her Majesty, and increase her influence and power in the Empire as a friend of all that is godly, right, and beneficent.

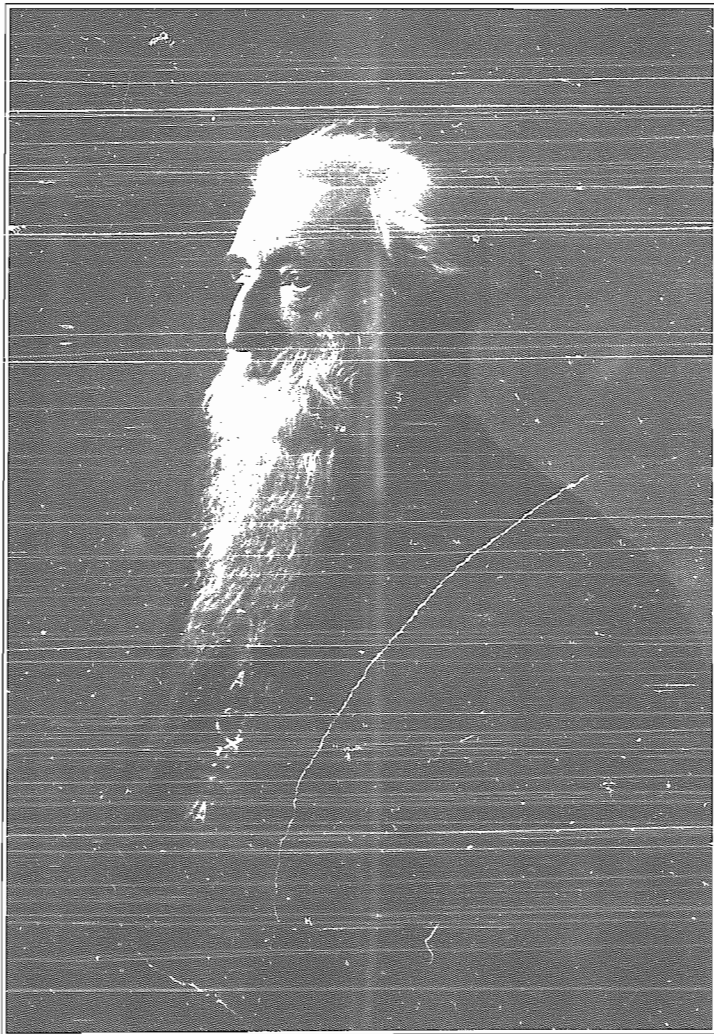
The devil wastes no time with a man who has ceased to pray.

There is a miracle wherever the divine touches the human.

A religious flying machine is not much different from any other.

A man's spirit does not always grow holier as his salary grows heavier.

After all, it is the man at the little end of the horn who makes the music.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.

Commander-in-Chief of the world-wide Salvation Army, recently honored by King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra on two occasions.

Famous Religions and the Salvation Army.

BY THE GENERAL.
(Written for "London Opinion.")

THE SALVATION ARMY occupies so important a position in the East as a religious propaganda, that the question of how far its influence is likely to undermine, or otherwise, these ancient religions, is worth considering. Our first attempt in the evangelizing of the heathen began twenty years ago, under the able direction of Commander Booth-Tucker, who, previous to his connection with us, was a judge of the Civil Courts of India.

A Wise Policy.

The wisdom of the instructions I gave them has been more than justified by experience and results. Negatively I disallowed the idea of attacking Mohammedanism, or any branch of Hindooism as such. In later days I repeated this instruction when we began work in Japan in respect to Shintoism. On the other hand I maintained that the value of Christianity to the East would be just in proportion, not so much to the zeal of our pioneers, as their ability to adapt themselves to the customs and habits of the common people, except wherein these violated the laws of decency and righteousness.

Adopting Eastern Customs.

My officers accordingly adopted Eastern dress, names, food, and many of the people's domestic habits. The result was just as I expected: that the differences of the religious opinions of the two races were largely forgotten in the humaneness of association with each other. By this means the power of caste is weakened. When Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Hindoos discover that, in so adapting ourselves to their ways, we do not exercise any lordly power over them, an entrance for our message is easily brought about, and if other circumstances were equal, we should

witness a transformation in the religious life of the East, of which that of Japan would be but as the ray to the sun.

Christianity Not Understood.

But the circumstances are not equal. Christianity is but dimly understood except by the educated, and then more as a system than a personal experience. Apostolic methods of propaganda are, I fear, held to be out of date. Far too much reliance is made on that questionable auxiliary called civilization. The native mind cannot readily distinguish between Christianity and Western civilization, and where the white man's lust for gold and sensual pleasure drives out all the formal and ceremonial avowal of belief in God, the work of the Christian teacher or Salvation Army officer, has comparatively little effect.

No Attack on Old Religions.

The Salvation Army does not attack any religion, whether it be the worship of the Virgin by the Catholics, or ancestor worship by the Chinese. Our quarrel everywhere is with sin. It is sin that degrades men, dims the divine in man, and obliterates his hope of peace for time and eternity. The supreme aim of an Army officer in a heathen village is not so much to overthrow the idols of the ignorant as to reveal the more excellent way, leaving the light to create a conscience as to the rightness or wrongness of things. Our converts, of their own volition, destroy their idols, and turn their temples into salvation halls; but then the outward change is only countenanced by us when we are convinced that something superior has taken place. That something is called salvation.

The rush of this Congress prevents my contributing at fuller length the thoughts which this subject suggests.—William Booth.

work in South Africa at this time Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff, has said the following: "Of her courage, and wisdom, and intense devotion to the work of Christ entrusted to her by General Booth, I will only say here that it is worthy of the best traditions of our flag. In common, I imagine, with everyone who had to do with the early stages of the war, she and our devoted officers—of whom there were twelve working with her—suffered very much from the anxiety and depression of continued losses and apparently aimless sacrifices of life. But even these troubles had some compensations. The men showed greater eagerness to receive the message we had to deliver than would have been the case in other circumstances, and both officers and men of all ranks, from Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller down, showed a kindness and sympathy which would, perhaps, have been less marked, because less called for, if all had been going well with the British forces."

(To be continued.)



Three interesting delegates from the U.S.A., a Mexican, a Filipino, and a Chinaman.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON FAMOUS RELIGIONS.

Famous religions like Hindooism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, are not at the mercy of the hymn which talks glibly of "the heathen in his blindness." Blindness is not a monopoly of heathendom, even in religion. It is in the realization of this fact that the Salvation Army's first success has been obtained.

"Fighting" Famous Religions.

The Salvation Army does not "fight" famous religions. I should think not, indeed! Take the figures:

Hindooism	170 millions.
Buddhism	457 millions.
Mohammedanism ..	214 millions.
Confucianism	216 millions.

Who, with any sense at all, would hope to convert these masses to a Western form of faith, in many ways unsuited to the tastes, habits, and thought of the peoples of the East? It is, I confess, fine courage—the courage both of despair—to make the attempt, but some missionaries are beginning to find that it is just as well to begin mission work with a box of carpenter's tools, or a geography book, as with the Bible.

General Booth and Brotherhood.

Whatever General Booth's troops have been or have not been, they have been first of all human. Even the Brahmin, whose religion looks back to a time when Jesus Christ was hardly dreamed of, can appreciate the spirit which desires to help the helpless and soften the hardness of life. He may say that people who suffer much have therefore sinned much in some previous earth existence, but a creed which claims to bring salvation here and now is one that to him possesses interest, even if only by contrast with his own.—T. S. K.

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

SOUTH AFRICA.

For the past few years there has been a great amount of interest centred in South Africa. The Boer-British war doubtless drew the attention of the world to the country, and since that struggle for supremacy has ceased, and the dove of peace has settled down upon the British standard we are doubly interested in watching the course of events.

But we must start at the commencement of our story. The fertile fields of South Africa claimed the attention of the General in 1883, about the time our glorified Army Mother, Mrs. General Booth, delivered at the Cannon St. Hotel, London, Eng., an important series of lectures on the relations of the Salvation Army to the Church and State. To depart from our story for a brief moment; and refer to these addresses of Mrs. General Booth, we will state that she proved clearly that so far from being antagonistic to either one or the other, the work of the Salvation Army was an important auxiliary to both. To the church it had taught, in the words of the late Dr. Lightfoot, "The universal compulsion of souls." To the State it was a valuable ally, instilling ideas of law and order into minds that were at present influenced by brute force alone. The enterprising spirit which characterized business men might also be found reflected in the Salvation Army, for which Mrs. Booth claimed with unanswerable force the sympathy of each and all. As these wonderful addresses are published in book form we need not here refer to them further. We mention the matter now merely to fix the time and events in the mind of the reader as

the time South Africa received consideration, and to let us know that while Mrs. Booth was spending her time and strength in bringing the attention of the people of Great Britain to the Army by her wonderful addresses, and the General was similarly engaged in turning the tide in the favor of this rapidly-growing organization in the British Isles, and while hundreds of souls were rallying to the standard, foreign fields were not forgotten, and a contingent of Salvationists were despatched to far-off South Africa, as well as New Zealand.

We will not enter into their daily struggles. They had to combat difficulties similar to those encountered by our pioneers in the forty-two colonies and countries where the Salvation Army now operates.

Cape Town was successfully opened, and other large centres were bombarded with cheering results; as the years passed on the spiritual and social work of the movement claimed the attention and respect of those in authority, and it was while the Army was in the zenith of its prosperity that war was declared by the Boers on Great Britain, and that bloody struggle began for supremacy in South Africa. The details are too fresh in the minds of our readers to need special reference, but we may note the fact that that war brought sad consequences to our work, for it was quite demoralized. Army barracks and buildings of every description were used as hospitals and for the accommodation of troops, and our officers and nurses pushed to the front to render what service they could. Staff-Capt. Murray, the daughter of two or three generations of eminent soldiers, and a successful officer in the Army ranks, figured most prominently in the mission of mercy. Concerning her and her

The Social Wing

By COMMISSIONER BOOTH-HELLBERG,
Switzerland.

in the Early Christian Church.

WHILE studying, some little time ago, the history of the early Christian Church, I was struck by the many similarities existing between those first Christian communities and our present-day Salvation Army. In passing, and to avoid misunderstanding, I would mention that when referring to the "early" church I mean the church during the first three centuries. It is most interesting to notice how, prosecuting the same object as those of our early predecessors, under circumstances which, though they may appear outwardly very different, are perhaps of very similar nature, we have, without any preconceived plan of copying them, yet been led, so to speak, by divine instinct, to adopt plans and methods very similar to theirs. Everybody will understand that in speaking of this resemblance I do not now refer to our common spirit, faith, and purpose. We are all blessedly aware of being apostolic in that respect, and even people who do not see eye to eye with us on other points are prepared to acknowledge this fact, but I mean more than this. I am of the conviction that our mode of action, our way of looking at the practical problems in connection with our work, and of dealing with them, is very similar to that of our predecessors, and that thus we are apostolic even in the use of the methods we have adopted. Nothing could be more false than to imagine that the apostles just went about preaching, causing disturbances, and getting themselves into prison.

Organization Manifested.

The apostles and their early successors were firm believers in organization (as may be gathered from such early incident as the one related in the 6th chapter of the Acts), and in the adoption of methods and the building up of an organization they had an eye to, and studied the necessities of, the time and the circumstances of the world in which they lived. The Salvation Army does the same, and is, on this ground, the most up-to-date religious body of our time; but what might surprise is the conclusion I have come to by close observation, namely, that the more we have succeeded in this effort, the more we have approached the likeness of the early church; and it can be said with truth, though it may sound paradoxical, that to be apostolic is to be up-to-date, and to be up-to-date harmonizes quite well with being apostolic. I have observed this on so many different points that to deal with them all would take me as many hours as I have minutes at my disposal. I have, therefore, confined myself to one point alone, and propose to offer in this paper a few observations on the "Social Wing of the Early Church." All Christian communities in all ages have extolled the zeal and wisdom of primitive Christianity, and if they are right in holding that Christianity, in its purest spirit and form, was to be found in that early period, then it is no little satisfaction to me to be able to direct attention to the remarkable similarity of the efforts of the Salvation Army in its Social Work to those of the early Christians.

The Need.

There is no doubt whatever as to there having been a need for a Social Work in the days of the apostles and their early successors. The world, at the time of the appearance of our Saviour, was indeed a world of suffering and woe. Poverty, sickness, oppression, prostitution, and misery of almost every kind were to be found on every hand and to an appalling extent. It is true that some forms of social evil did not, on account of difference of circumstances, present the same terrible aspect that they do among us. For instance, if a man at Alexandria, or Carthage, or even Rome, was unable to pay his house rent,

was expelled and forced to seek refuge under some colonnade; that was not the same as spending a cold winter night on the Thames Embankment. At the same time other sufferings, as, for instance, bodily disease, took more horrible forms, and existed to a more pitiful extent, than in our days. It is difficult to say whether the total amount of poverty and misery was proportionately greater or smaller than in our times. General statistics are missing, and, as already intimated, circumstances were so very different. It may be mentioned, however, though the case must not be taken as a typical one, that in the City of Rome, at the time of the Emperor Augustus, out of the free population numbering about 700,000, only one-seventh part, or 100,000, properly earned their own living. The other 600,000 constituted a sort of parish population, one day starving, another day picking up a scanty meal by all sorts of expedients and contrivances, among which the most important was the regular distribution of corn arranged by the Government in order to prevent riots. In addition to these 700,000 "free," there were in Rome 900,000



Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

slaves. In trying to measure the misery of those days we should also remember the fact that the Pagan world was a world without charity, and practically without even philanthropy. Suffering and poverty, as a rule, rather inspired disgust than pity, and there were philosophers who maintained that the wisest and best plan would be to let all the miserable ones perish as soon as possible, so as to get them out of sight. "He who gives food and drink to a beggar renders him bad service, for what he gives is lost, and he only prolongs the poor man's misery," are the words of a well-known writer of that time, and another puts the question: "Is it possible to let yourself down so deep that the poor no longer cause you qualms of disgust?"

Pity a Fault.

Pity was looked upon as being the fault of a weak intelligence unworthy of the wise man. It is true that many wealthy Romans regularly, or on certain occasions, distributed among the population large sums of money but this was done indiscriminately and from entirely selfish motives, to make the givers renowned or for political purposes. Further, it cannot be denied that individuals now and again, at the sight of human suffering, were moved to solitary acts of pity. But neither of these two categories of "liberality," as the act of giving was termed among the Romans, brought any effective relief, and they both failed utterly to improve the social condition of the people. The motives and the

organization indispensable to successful and effective relief and rescue work were missing—were unknown even to the wisest and best of the time.

The apostles found themselves, right at the outset, face to face with this world of suffering. They had the spirit of their Master. They were bearers of a new Gospel of Divine Love put into practice by love towards one's neighbor, the neighbor being the stranger, the slave—may, everyone's very enemy. Their task was not an easy one.

Besides the common social evils they soon had to face special difficulties peculiar to them as Christians. When the persecutions broke out many converts lost all they possessed; their property, or business, was confiscated by Government, their houses were plundered by the pagan mob, or they themselves thrown into prison or sent away to work in the mines. Their families had to be provided for. Again, a gladiator, an actor, or some other person whose profession was contrary to the teaching of the church, was converted. He had to be taught another profession, or somehow helped to earn his livelihood in a different way. Meanwhile he had to be provided for. When we further take into consideration the very rapid growth of the church whereby these inside cases of social assistance were multiplied, we realize in a measure how enormous the task was which confronted the apostles and their successors; but they tackled it with faith and divine wisdom, and they succeeded. Many prominent authorities on church history are of the opinion that that success in social affairs had much to do with the marvelous progress of Christianity during the first centuries.

(To be continued.)

The Allurement.

(To our frontispiece.)

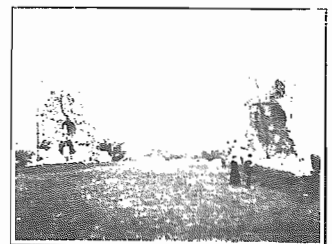
Our picture this week vividly portrays man's eagerness to embrace the allurements offered by Satan in the shape of wealth and beauty.

Of-times a man may become infatuated by a beautiful face, and to please that creature, whom he clothes in all the goodness and glory attributed to very angels, he will stop at nothing in his selfishness to attain wealth and power to offer the object of his amour.

Aye, even to crime. What, he may argue, is crime compared to his beauty's wishes, the satisfaction of her desires? Wealth! How few there are who are not straining every nerve to accumulate wealth.

So frequently does that desire become fanned by the subtle ideas the evil one places in one's brain, and ends, instead of being a laudable ambition, in an uncontrollable madness.

And to reach that pinnacle of fame, and attain that greedy and selfish end, one is often lured on by the devil, who proffers these desires in such a seemingly easy manner of achievement that his victims are led with comparative ease and speed into the trap-door to crime and selfishness, so cunningly concealed beneath the glitter of the gold and so cleverly hidden in the alluring smile of the tempting siren.



Hadleigh Ruin, Hadleigh Farm Colony, England.



HOLINESS.

By Major J. N. Parker.

X.—Steps to it for All Classes.

There is such confusion of thought about the many steps to be taken from this life of sin to holiness, that it may not be amiss to carefully go over these, and as far as possible make them so that there may be no doubt as to the real way out of sin for all classes and conditions into this so much needed experience.

1.—If one is dead in sin, he must first be convicted. There is an idea among many that conviction is some marvelous feeling that God must give to all who would be saved before they can be so. This feeling may be necessary in some cases to arouse people and make them think about their awful condition enough to get saved, but it is not conviction. Conviction means to be convinced, and is of the mind and not of the feelings. For conversion it means:

(a) Convinced that there is such a thing. In this Christian land we think there are but few, whatever they may say, but believe there is such an experience.

(b) Convinced that it is personal, not that it is for somebody else, but for you. If it is for anyone, it is for all. It is for "whosoever will" (Rev. xxii, 17).

(c) Convinced that you should seek it. Whatever you can have that is right, you ought to have. Then it is your duty to seek it.

2.—The next step is repentance. This means to turn away from sin of any and every kind. A giving up and thrusting from you all that is wrong, and promising God that, by His help, you will not do those wrong things any more.

3.—Faith is the last step before conversion. In this case it is to appropriate or accept the purchase made on Calvary for you. It is to take Jesus as your Saviour to save you now. When you do this, whatever your feelings or circumstances, God saves you. "Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened" (Matt. vii, 8). This means that if you are now complying with the conditions, you are now converting.

4.—After being converted should you be so unfortunate as to backslide, or go away from God, you will have to return to Him in the same way that you came at first. Backsliders are very apt to be discouraged and feel that it is no use to try again. As you try again in other things, so you should in this. You will have to do so or miss heaven. Let your backsliding be a lesson for making you more careful, and it is to be hoped, more successful this time. It is the man who never gives up in this, as in other things, that conquers at last. To you, as to Israel, God says, "Return unto the Lord" (Hos. xiv, 1); and to those who return He says, "I will heal their backslidings, and I will love them freely" (Hos. xiv, 4).

5.—Conviction for holiness. There is much misunderstanding about what this is for holiness, just as there is for conversion. It is usually only a few hours, days, or weeks, at most, until it is found that there is something more needed than conversion. This need often leads to the inquiry, "Is there not something that will satisfy perfectly?" The result, if this inquiry is followed up, is conviction for holiness, which is not very different from conviction for conversion, only it is for another and higher experience, yet means to be convinced.

(a) Convinced that there is such an experience. The Bible tells us that there is, and thousands of our comrades testify that they have it.

(b) Convinced that it is for you. Our hearts and needs are the same. We are alike,

human; and for each and all Jesus died. "He tasted death for every man" (Heb. ii, 9), and "that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, He suffered without the gate" (Heb. xiii, 12). Then it is for you.

(c) Convinced that you ought to seek it. God commands, "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter i, 16). This is one of God's general commands, and is not to a few, but to all. Then God says to you now, just as much as if He were instead of this paper, "Be ye holy." He is talking to you now, and it is your duty to obey now.

6.—Doubtful things must be given up. There may be something which you are not quite sure is right, to which God has been pointing, and about which you have been troubled, and possibly often said, "I wonder if that is right? Oh, I wish I could get rid of it." It probably annoys you more than all else, and may often get you into trouble. Whatever it is you will have to give it up before you can be sanctified. Do not allow yourself to argue the question. We who have been over the road simply tell you what we had to do, and you will have to do the same.

7.—Consecration is next. Feelings which are in the sensibilities or lowest realm, and doubts which are in the mind, or next realm, in this and the next step must be reckoned with or considered. Will, choose, decide, and determine without regard to feelings or doubts, to literally give yourself to God. Deliberately and calmly give yourself and all you have—past, present, and future—to Him. No other reward in all the world can anything like compare with the one you get for doing this.

8.—Faith for holiness is practically the same as in conversion, only it is for cleansing, instead of life and forgiveness of sins. As explained in a previous article, it is an act of the will and is choosing to take God's word that "the altar sanctifieth the gift," as true (Matt. xxiii, 17; Ex. xxix, 37).

9.—If, after you have been sanctified, you should fall into sin; if you have wronged anyone, go at once and make it right as far as you are able, and then go to God with all your heart and tell Him just what you have done, how sorry you are, and how you long for the return of His favor, and He will restore you. The Scripture that will just meet your case is: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i, 9). When you have confessed to God, it is your duty to take it for granted that He does just what He says He will—forgive and cleanse you again.

10.—If backsliding extends so far that you are dead in sin or entirely gone back, you will have to be converted and sanctified over again. The body of sin, whether an inheritance, or as a result of going clear back from holiness, is the same, and must be gotten rid of in the same way; that is, by taking whatever of the previous steps are necessary to secure salvation and cleansing.

It is all so simple the wonder is that men do not understand it, and so often think that they must do some marvelous or mysterious something, they hardly know what, to obtain anything from God. The simple steps here named cover practically every case. Take the ones you need to take, and take God simply at His word, and whatever victory you need is yours—"If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it" (John xiv, 14).

The Bible is not such a bad-looking battle wreck, after all.

Give Christ your confidence and He will keep your character.

Your business will never interest others until it absorbs you.

INSTRUCTION DRILL.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

Salvationists and Politics.

Salvation Soldiers cannot help hearing and knowing something about the conflicting opinions and feelings of the people among whom they live with respect to the affairs of this world, and especially with respect to the Government of the country in which they live.

As a rule, these different views and feelings are based upon the most worldly and selfish considerations, and are, therefore, altogether outside the work of a Salvation Soldier. Though still living in the world he is not of it, and he has, in this respect, no more business with its politics, that is, the public management of its affairs, than he has with its pleasures.

As a Russian agent traveling through France would consider that he had nothing to do with its form of Government, its laws, its Parliamentary discussions, any further than they concerned him for the short time he was in the country, so the Salvation Soldier considers that he is a pilgrim and a stranger in this world, and is not interested in the manner of its Government any further than it concerns his welfare for the time being and the interests of the Kingdom of God, which he represents.

Still, circumstances may arise in which the welfare of his comrades, the interests of suffering humanity, and the position and progress of the Army itself may call upon him to take some definite action with respect to these matters.

This will especially be the case with respect to many questions of local or social politics. As more and more power is given to local authorities to regulate drink-selling, brothels, open-air meetings, etc., it will be more and more important to have men selected who will fight for what is good or oppose what is bad, in which case every soldier must—

Act in harmony with the rules and regulations laid down for him by his superior officers.

Keep separate, not only in any public action, but in spirit, from the worldly people who may share his opinions on special public matters.

Do everything in the spirit of love to God and man, and in harmony with the purposes for which he lives, which are the extension of the Army and the salvation of the world.

The "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers" says:—

"The relation of the Army to Governments is determined by the principle that we are not of this world, and, therefore, cannot be expected to feel any deep interest in those governments which exclusively belong to it, and which are conducted without any regard to the will of God or the interests of His Kingdom.

"No F.O., D.O., or P.O. has power to grant or grant the use of any of our buildings for political meetings, or for any other object apart from Salvation Army purposes."

Underneath the colossal buildings which architectural beauty create wonder and admiration in the breast of every visitor to Berlin, there are, says Commissioner Gifford, dark, dingy cellars where as many as eighteen persons live together in one room. The Salvation Army has recently found a way of getting at those people, and a splendid work is being done among them. We have in Germany five Rescue Homes, two workshops, a Samaritan Hospital, a Home for ex-Prisoners, and a Metropole capable of accommodating eighty women.

Young People's Page

The World's Great Men.

JOHN KNOX. (Continued.)

In February, 1559, on the express intercession of Edward VI., Knox regained his liberty. As it was still unsafe for him to remain in Scotland, for the next four years, till the death of Edward VI., he made his home in England.

From all that is known of him during these years, it is that he made himself a person to be reckoned with by the persons who were at the centre of authority in the country. By his preaching at Berwick he gave so much offence to the Bishop of Durham that he was removed to Newcastle, where it was supposed that his influence would be less mischievous. In 1551 he was appointed one of six chaplains to Edward VI., and in 1552, at the suggestion of the Duke of Northumberland, he was offered the Bishopric of Rochester. As the Duke's object in suggesting the appointment was simply to check, as far as he could, what he deemed the dangerous activity of Knox, the offer was rejected. Knox's importance in England is still further proved by the fact that he, along with five others, was consulted by the Archbishop Cranmer regarding his forty-five (afterwards forty-two) articles of religion.

On Mary's succession Knox, like the majority of reformers, had to seek refuge on the continent.

That he might be within call, should circumstances permit his return either to England or Scotland, he took up his abode in Dieppe till the beginning of the following year (1554), when he proceeded to Geneva. In July of this year he was again at Dieppe. "To learn the state of England," but with Mary, "to learn the state of Scotland," he was called. Mary, Queen of England, was convinced that both these countries were closed against him. He accordingly accepted a call from the English congregation at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where, however, on account of a dispute regarding the use of the Common Prayer Book, he remained only a few months.

At Geneva he found a congregation of his own way of thinking, but on account of being an upstart in his own country, he returned to Dieppe, from whence he ventured into Scotland in the September of 1555.

He remained in Scotland until July of the next year, residing chiefly in Edinburgh, but making preaching journeys into the country frequently. The new doctrines were steadily spreading in Scotland, but as yet their supporters were not strong enough to present a bold front to the Government. It was at this period that Knox remained in the country, and at the prayer of the congregation at Geneva he returned to that town in July, 1556.

It was probably during this visit to Scotland that he married his first wife, Mary Bowes, to whom he seems to have been engaged during his sojourn in Newcastle. For the next two years he remained in Geneva, ministering to his congregation, and seeking much of Calvin, whose influence on Knox regarding all the great questions of the time was afterwards to bear fruit in the ordering of affairs in Scotland. To this period belongs several writings, and notably his "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." The publication he must have afterwards regretted in the interest of the cause he had most at heart.

SUCCESSFUL NEGLECT.

Say what we will about being faithful in small things, not being afraid of trifles, there is a whole world of good things, and, in their way, needful things, which a man must learn to let alone.

There are some men whose success has not been so much in the multitude of things they did as in the insight by which they saw at once what things not to do.

To see certain things under the light of absolute necessity, and to lose no time about doing them, and to see that other inviting things are really indifferent, and to dismiss them, is the habit of all those who are successful in a large way.

What to neglect, then, is one of the great questions in a day in which life has become so complex that no man can live the whole of it up. We may waste our time to say is a problem in this talking universe.

Perhaps a man can ask himself no more pertinent or spiritual question than the beginning of his day than, "What shall I best leave undone to-day?" for there is scarcely a day which need not be mapped out in the full with little details, each one of which, if not may well deserve doing, and which, seen in large relations, is best left undone. This is no plea for neglect of daily duties, it is rather a plea for insight in discovering what our daily duties are.

Life is a very popular matter, to be sure; but we make it more solid—not more practical—when we give up our ideals, when we cease to cultivate our senses, when we dispense our visions, because we cannot run right out and use them on some one in a tangible way.

Nothing could be more unwise, or more unseeing, or, at bottom, less devout, than to rush out and surrender on every popular matter, and to hurry for the time will always come, if a man wait for it, when the idealism and the insights of his soul will find abundant justification from the same crowd which apparently was so ready to give it up. We may waste our life on details, and no one will thank us. God does not demand it.—Fortis et Lenis.

VESSEL RAISED BY ACETYLENE.

Acetylene gas is generally used for motor and cyclic lamps, but in Germany it is being employed for saving vessels. Large hollow receptacles, called

pontoons, containing calcium carbide, are sunk, and fastened to the submerged ship by divers.

When the water, entering the pontoon, comes in contact with the calcium carbide, acetylene gas immediately generates. As the gas cannot escape from the pontoons, it renders the latter buoyant, so that they rise to the surface, raising the sunken vessel with them.

PITHY PARs.

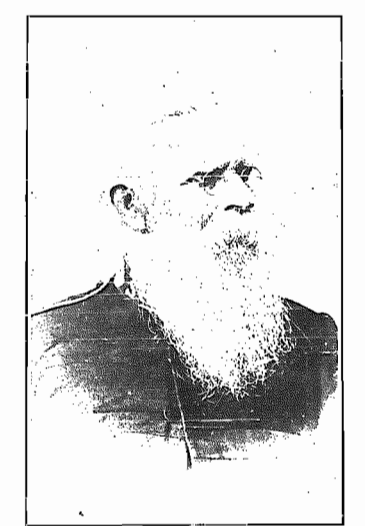
The average life of horses in the British cavalry is just five years, but the Army Service draught horses last half as long again.

In the British Museum is a love-letter to an Egyptian princess, 3,500 years old, and inscribed on a brick. What must the court have looked like during a breach of promise case in those days?

The body of a Tyrolean guide, who fell into a crevasse on the glacier of Grossediedler, in the Austrian Alps, thirty years ago, has been found in a remarkable state of preservation at the foot of the glacier.

Here is a good cure for midge-bites. Press a watch-key over the red place where the insect has bitten, and the poison will ooze out. Wasp-stings can also be cured in this way. It is a simple remedy, and saves a lot of inflammation.

When a robbery is committed in Japan, the ruler of the district summons the male population, and they must write on paper the name of the person they suspect as having committed the crime. The one who receives most votes is duly punished.



Commissioner Higgins, India.

The King Edward Sanatorium, in Guernsey, is now fitted with portable hand telephones, so that nurses can carry them to the bed of any patient, enabling conversation to be held between patients and friends at a distance without fear of infection.

Teetotalers in the Army.—There are now 26,171 teetotalers in the army in England and 24,000 in India, which, with the honorary members, gives a total of 57,304—nearly a quarter of the total strength of the army. About one-third of the recruits sign the pledge soon after joining.

Low Wages in Japan.—In the textile industries women are largely employed at a wage corresponding to 15 cents a day. More expensive men get the princely sum of 20 cents per day. Tailors, masons, and wood-workers gain weekly incomes ranging from \$1.25 to \$1.75. Printers are even worse off, averaging only \$1.00 a week.

Mahogany Sleepers and Marble Bridges.—The rails of the Mexican Gulf Railway are laid on mahogany sleepers and the bridges built of white marble. In West Mexico is a line with ebony sleepers, and ballast of silver are drawn from old mines beside the track. The engineers constructing these railways had no other material on the route, and found it cheaper to use these seemingly extravagances than to import the ordinary material.

Woman's Long Sleep.—A Bremen woman, now forty-four years of age, went to sleep in 1836 and has just awakened. During the whole course of her long sleep she never once opened her eyes. When she required food the sleeper would groan, and on food being given to her, swallowed it in a natural way. Most of her teeth fell out in the course of her sleep; some she swallowed, others were found on the pillow. She woke suddenly while the fire-alarm bells were being rung.

The Amateur Photographer.

Eastman's Solio Paper.—This paper is coming greatly to the front, both for excellence of quality and facility of manipulation. It can be used in a most excellent finish, and tones may be produced varying from a lartozelli red or warm sepia to the richest purple. The following combined toning and fixing bath (of great convenience to amateurs) is specially recommended:

Stock Solution "A."—Hyposulphite of soda, 5oz.; alum (common), 6oz.; water, 8oz. When dissolved add: Potax (2oz. dissolved in hot water), 8oz. Let it stand over night and decant the clear liquid.

Stock Solution "B."—Chloride of gold, 15gr.; acetate of lead (sugar of lead), 64gr.; water, 5oz.

Solution "C."—This should be shaken up before using, and not filtered. For use take Stock Solution "A," 8 p. rts; Stock Solution "B," 1 p. rt. Place the prints without previous washing into this bath.

The above bath must be kept cold—not above 40deg. or 50deg. Fahr. This condition can be obtained by placing a piece of ice in the bath when toning. If the bath is used too warm the result will be yellow prints, with a greenish tinge in the half-tones.

Ferro-Prussiate.—This is extremely convenient, and useful where several copies are required of drawings, plans, maps, etc. The paper may be bought ready sensitized for use, or the amateur may easily sensitize his own in the dark room. The following is a good formula. This process gives the white lines on a blue ground:

A.—Potassium ferri-cyanide, 25gr.; water, 10oz.

B.—Ammonio-citrate of iron (ferrie salt), 25gr.; water, 10oz.

Decant separately, and then mix together in the dark-room. It is essential to keep the solution away from the light. A smooth-surfaced drawing-paper is the best for sensitizing. Coat the paper evenly with the above solution, using a sponge for the purpose, and then hang or pin up to dry in the dark room. It is advisable to keep the paper three or four days before using.

Printing is effected in the ordinary manner, an exposure of five or six minutes to good strong light being required. Printing has been carried far enough when the paper assumes a bronzed appearance. Blue prints require neither toning nor fixing, all that is necessary being to soak them in a dish of clear water, so as to eliminate all the soluble salts from the surface of the paper. A sponge dipped in water may be used for the purpose. After being thus developed with water, the prints are hung up to dry.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Joseph Addison.

He who sits down in a dungeon which another has made, has not such cause to bewail himself as he who sits down in the dungeon which he has thus made for himself. Poverty and destitution are sad things, but there is no such poverty, there is no such destitution, as that of a covetous and miserly heart. Poverty is a sad thing; but there is no man so poor as he who is poor in his affections and virtues.—Orville Dewey.

None of us can tell for what God is educating us. We fret and murmur at the narrow round of daily task of ordinary life, not realizing that it is only thus that we can be prepared for the high and holy office which awaits us. We must descend before we can ascend. We must suffer if we would reign. We must take the via crucis (way of the cross) submissively and patiently if we would tread the via lucis (way of light). We must endure the polishing if we will come to the end and me in daily circumstances, in little things, like those in the great; meet them bravely; be at the best always; though in the soberest of the very least; dignify the smallest summons by the greatness of your response.—F. R. Meyer.

Work.
Work every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and that, as a reward and escape, whether thy work be fine or coarse, slave or free, or writing epics, so only if be honest work, done in thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—Emerson.

No task is ill where hand and brain,
And each shall each in honest effort join,
And simple manhood outweigh skill.
—From "At Sundown," J. G. Whittier.

BOILING TWO HUNDRED EGGS AT ONCE.

If you would see the latest electrical novelties you must board an ocean greyhound. The automatic egg-boilers, like those on the oceanic, are destined to cook 200 eggs at once in a cock arrangement containing the basket containing the eggs to hop out of the water at any half minute up to six minutes. Another novelty is the steam-heating oyster-cooker for the table. At the termination of the cooking the cooker pours its contents into a soup-plate and automatically shuts off the electricity.

WAR CRY

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THE CANADIAN DELEGATES.

With a few exceptions, the Canadian delegates to the great International Congress have returned to their various duties and are hard "at it." It is a pleasing feature that no serious mishap is to be recorded here. The voyages of the various vessels were accomplished in good time, with the exception of the Ionian, which was delayed four days by fogs and icebergs.

The spirit of the various groups going and coming has been very beautiful, and a kind, fraternal feeling has prevailed. In England everybody was exceedingly kind and courteous. The Canadians, as a contingent, made a distinct mark, we may modestly confess, exceptional praise being given our Staff Band. Staff-Capt. Harry Morris, the Territorial Staff Bandmaster well earned the distinctions which he received. His comrades of the International Staff Band were most generous in their appreciation.

BERMUDA JUNIORS ON TOUR.

(By Wire.)

Bermuda children specialised at Yarmouth last Saturday and Sunday and captivated large crowds. People were delighted with their drills and songs. We had a full house at every meeting. Income greatly increased. Capt. Riley's playing and singing took well; also Capt. Bennett and Mrs. David Smith. Good time expected on Tuesday night. God bless the children.—N. J. Smith, Capt.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

These notes have not adorned the pages of the Cry for some weeks, but others very similar, under the heading of "Notes by the General Secretary," have certainly supplied the craving appetites of many of our readers for those particular and peculiar items of news which should or should not be published. The advantage of a column of Territorial Newslets is that it gives a reckless reporter an opportunity for saying certain interesting things in a semi-official manner. No one is supposed to know who writes the notes, and seeing the contributors are varied—men and women in authority and out of it—it is sometimes possible for the Cry man, when there is a good crop of news, to gather in a good harvest to satisfy, or partially so, the hunger of those who are ever on the look-out for choice morsels known as "the latest." But we are sermonizing, and must proceed to business.

Firstly, the Chief Secretary has arrived at home looking in a good state of health, and garbed as he was in the new regulation uniform, he looked quite extraordinary and attractive. But we perceive we are on dangerous ground in discussing his personal appearance, and as we do not wish to come under the ban we will say no more, save that we are exceedingly glad the Colonel has returned from the Old Land, and that he, in the absence of the Commissioner, had a strong hand on the helm.

But the Commissioner arrived home on Wednesday, the 10th inst. They love and appreciate her in the great metropolis, but not more than we. A right royal welcome awaits her from the comrades of the Territory, and a grand shout of hallelujah awaits her arrival among us.

Nearly all the officers of the Canadian Contingent, who have so ably acquitted themselves, have arrived at home, save two or

three who have been permitted to have a lengthened stay in Britain to see "old folks at home," whose faces they have not looked upon for many years.

Many of us would scarce have known we were so much appreciated at home were it not for the fact that we have been away. The salvation salutations of our comrades have thrilled our hearts, and there has certainly been mutual pleasure on our return, with the accompaniment of the shaking of hands and the smiling, nodding faces.

The news has just reached the Editorial Office that Lieut. Annie Lear, who was known both in the Training Home and the Field for the saintliness of her character and her good works, was promoted to Glory on August 6th, at 12.55 p.m., from the Kentville Sanatorium, Truro, dying of pneumonia. The funeral took place at Halifax on Tuesday, August 9th, at 9.42 p.m. Our comrades will pray fervently for the bereaved.

The Staff Bandmaster, Staff-Captain H. Morris, was met at the Union Depot by the Temple Band and a crowd of soldiers, on his return from England on Saturday last. The Temple Band, due to the immigration of a number of British bandmen, had increased numerically during his absence. The Bandmaster considers he has now the material to make an excellent musical organization at the Temple.

Many thousands of feet of moving pictures have been brought over from England of the great Congress in London, and will be put on exhibition shortly. A look at them will be the very next best thing to having had a trip to the Congress itself.

The wife of Brigadier Horn has been exceedingly ill for the past three months, and her health has caused the Brigadier the greatest anxiety. In addition to his heavy responsibilities due to the fact that many members of his Staff were absent from T.H.Q. attending the International Congress, the care of his wife has pressed sorely upon the Brigadier, and he, and also his wife, need the prayers of their comrades.

There are rumors of changes of considerable importance which we may not mention with any certainty at the hour of going to press, but that these will affect Headquarters and important positions on the field is certain. More anon.

Receptions in the Queen City have been accorded to the Congress delegates. The Temple had a pleasing time on Thursday, August 4th, when the Lippincott bandmen joined their harmonies with those of the Temple. On Aug. 8th Lippincott had a return visit, and the ever-increasing Temple Band and Lisgar St. joined Lippincott in a night of welcome.

The Newfoundland party of twenty-two adults have safely arrived on the Sea-Girt Isle much blessed and inspired as a result of their visit. They gave a good account of themselves, and from the time they boarded the S.S. Ionian at Rimouski, midst the welcome strains of the Canadian Staff Band, until they landed back at St. John's, they endeavored to let the comrades from other lands see that the fire is ablaze in Newfoundland.

Six souls were saved on the S.S. Manitoba through the efforts of the returning Congress party.

Adj. C. Ogilvie has taken charge of the Rescue Home on Cook St., St. John's, Nfld., and is assisted by Capt. Siested, who is also a new arrival on the Island.

It was a pleasing incident in the voyage across the Atlantic for our officers to meet Mrs. Congden, mother of the present Governor of the Yukon, who exhibited a deep interest in the work of the Army generally, and who gave many words of cheer and encouragement.

We would recommend to our readers the perusal of the article on p. 5, which formed one of the most successful papers read at the International Staff Council in London by various Commissioners.

Gazette.

Appointments—

ADJT. WILLIAM KNIGHT, Yarmouth, to Lippincott St.

ENSIGN F. HOWELL, Lippincott St., to Riverside.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.

Editorial.

OUR GENERAL HONORED.

It was a very gracious act of the King to command the presence of the General at Buckingham Palace on the eve of the great International Congress. His Majesty evinced a keen interest in the Army's successful efforts to lessen misery and suffering, and sent a message of welcome to the International delegates. Likewise full of grace and the completion of the former, was the audience given by the Queen to the General at the conclusion of these gatherings.

We particularly rejoice to see our dear General honored after a life's devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ, after years of hard struggle, persecution, and slander. In compensation, for the great sorrows of his life, God has also granted the General great honors and joys, the greatest of which is doubtless the fact of seeing the child of his labors, the Salvation Army, firmly established and encircling the globe, and with the war cry, "The world for Christ," marching on to win the nations for our God.

WELCOME HOME, COMMISSIONER!

Ere these lines appear in print our beloved and honored leader will have returned to her Territorial command, to the joy and satisfaction of her officers and troops, and a host of well-wishers everywhere.

Her welcome in London was conclusive proof that the impressions made by her self-forgetting devotion and loving administration in former years are indelible. The delight of the people was magnificent to behold. The more was it to be regretted that a severe attack of illness rendered her for some days unable to attend the Congress. Her homecoming will be the signal of a shout of welcome that will travel with the rising sun from St. John's, Nfld., to Victoria, B.C. We are proud of our invincible leader, and, if such is possible, appreciate her leadership in a greater measure than before.

We pray fervently that physical strength may be granted her equal to the heavy strain which the Commissioner's office of necessity imposes upon her.



THE BRITISH FIELD.

One of our comrades at Great Harwood, David Grundy, although unable to swim, rescued a little boy from the water at Brungesley Bridge, where the corps was having its outing.

The Stratford Band paid a week-end visit to King's Lynn. A thousand people visited the Sunday afternoon camp meeting.

At Winsford, the meetings were led by Major Albiston, of Australia, after an absence of twenty-one years from his birthplace.

Brigadier and Mrs. Emerson visited Gravesend, and at the close a man came forward for conversion whose wife had long prayed for him, she being a blood-and-fire Salvationist.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWULETS.

Cape Town III. corps has at last secured a large flat for its meetings. Capt. Tuttlebee is not only delighted, but is in for making the most of his improved prospects.

Ensign Robinson, of East London, has organized a "Buttonholing Brigade." The name suffices to explain the nature of its operations.

From Port Elizabeth II. Adj. Brummer reports continued victory.

BREEZES FROM THE WEST INDIES.

Capt. Henry, of Kingston V., reports four new converts, who are soldiers of King Edward.

The Trade Secretary has issued a splendid set of Pictorial Postcards, representing various phases of S. A. work.

Capt. Scott, of Philadelphia, British Guiana, reports a visit from the D. O., Staff-Captain Tucker, who proved a help and blessing to many souls.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Rauch paid a visit to Clonmel, by invitation from the Baptist minister, and splendid meetings were held.

The juniors at Santeurs, Grenada, have had a big demonstration, which proved a rousing time.

FROM SUNNY ITALY.

In response to repeated requests from some persons living at Ariano (about fifty miles from Naples), who have been receiving War Cry and using our Song Books for some time, Commissioner Cosandey and Lieut.-Colonel Reid recently sent Ad. t. Paglieri and Capt. Juarnali to lead meetings with them and encourage them in their efforts.

These officers found a group of twenty converts who have been gathered in through the efforts of Luigi Cuzzone, an Italian who immigrated to the United States ten years ago, and got converted in the Salvation Army there.

On returning to his native village he opened a hall and commenced holding meetings. At first the meetings were very quiet, as well as productive of blessed results; but afterwards

riots arose, doubtless fomented by the priests, until the heavy bombardments of stone-throwing absolutely compelled the abandonment of public meetings for a while. Our comrade still worked on, however, to the utmost extent possible in a more private manner.

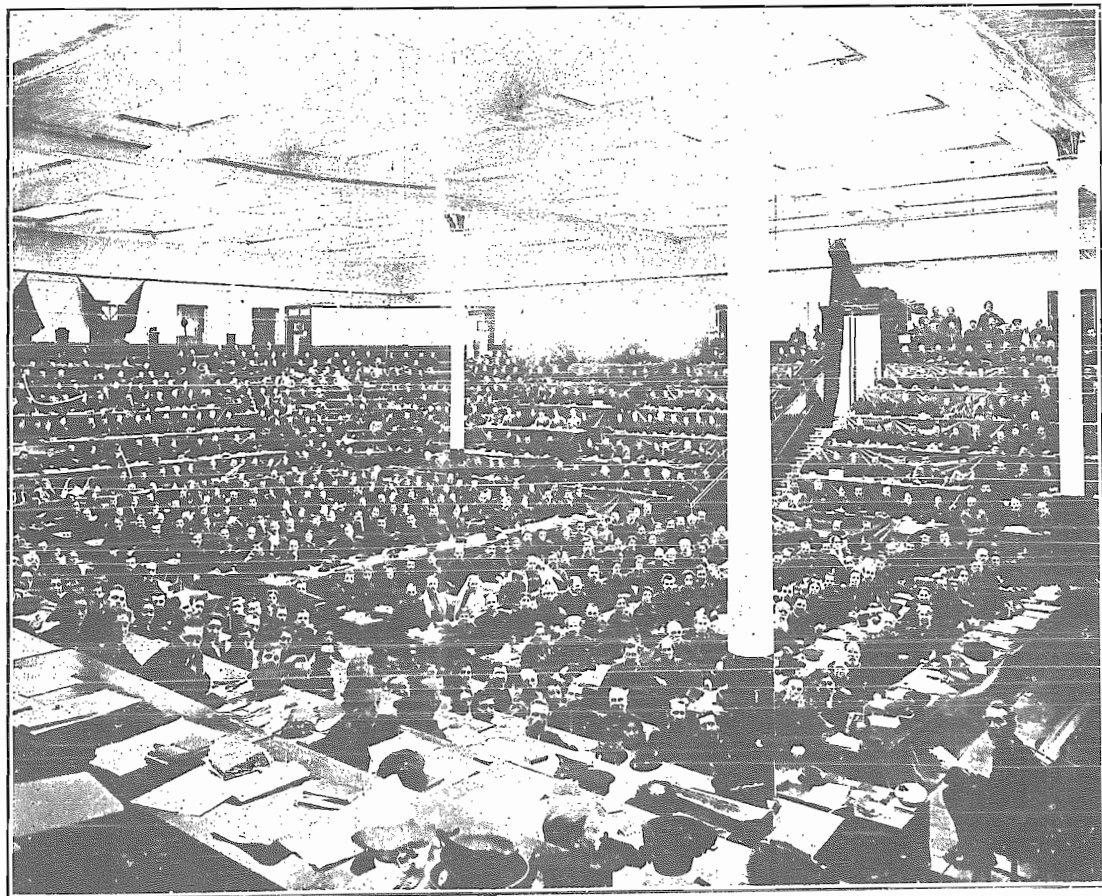
The Adjutant and the Captain remained in this southern district for several weeks, and held semi-public meetings in Ariano and the surrounding villages. At one of these a special dialect is spoken by the inhabitants—descendants of the ancient Alban people—but they also understand Italian.

The testimonies of the converts were simple and very touching.

Another of the converts lived for many years in gross ignorance and superstition. For twenty years past he has been accustomed to make pilgrimages to the town of Bari in order to lick the floor of the Church of St. Nicholas as a religious observance. He nevertheless lived a life of swearing, fighting and evil conduct, until he obtained the pardon of his sins through Jesus Christ. Now he longs to wear our uniform in order to be better able to witness to the world of the deliverance he has found, and in the meantime he constantly testifies to his neighbors as opportunity arises.

The day after his conversion, another convert went to the Bishop, Bible in hand, to receive (and give) more light respecting divine truth.

These comrades long for officers to be stationed permanently among them; but the great distance (three hundred miles from the nearest corps in the North of Italy), and our lack of men and funds, prevents their request being acceded to at present. Help is urgently needed to spread the light in this spiritually benighted region.



Three Thousand International Staff Officers in Council, Clapton Congress Hall, London.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Marshall PROMOTED TO GLORY.

A Well-Known Former Canadian Officer
Gone to Her Well-Earned Reward.

THE message, "It is enough, come up higher," reached Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Stephen Marshall on Wednesday, July 20th, at 1.30 a.m., at her home in St. Louis. Her demise was very unexpected indeed, and particularly sad on account of her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Marshall, being absent attending the International Congress, in London, when the end came. It was a peaceful and triumphant finish. The darling little girl-babe, which it was expected would prove an additional comfort and cheer to the home, has also joined its mother in the heavenly city. Mrs. Marshall had been in poor health for a considerable time, and although at times her suffering was intense, yet the end was not expected. In fact, on Tuesday night, prior to her death, she was exceedingly cheerful and said to Mrs. Major Kimball, "I feel so tired, and feel confident I will have a good night's rest and awaken much refreshed in the morning," but her weariness has disappeared, for she has entered into her eternal rest.

It was indeed a very sad home-coming for her husband, who sailed from Liverpool on the 10th, via the Cunard steamer Ivernia. We know that his grief must have been intense upon learning that the precious wife that he was hastening home to greet would speak to him never more, but there has been an endless chain of prayer continually ascending to the throne of his behalf, also for the six boys and one motherless girl who have been left in their home.

Adj. Margaret Glass, who has been their faithful assistant during the past fifteen years, was with Mrs. Marshall when the end came, and did all that lay in her power to comfort her in her last moments. She could scarcely realize that the end was near when she took Mrs. Marshall's hand in her own and heard her say, "Margaret, I am dying, this is the time to pray," but soon realized her praying was turned to praising to cease never more.

Prior to her marriage to Lieut.-Colonel Marshall she was known as Capt. Lucinda Keetch, and was the daughter of the Rev. John Keetch, a Methodist minister, who was enabled to point to the fact that for three generations the male members of his family had been ministers of the Gospel. Mrs. Marshall was born in Newmarket, Ont., January 24th, 1863, and had fought in the ranks of the Salvation Army for over nineteen years, during which time her Captaincy was marked with signal success, and she handled in an effective manner some of the largest corps in Canada. Her devotion to God and the Army was never questioned; she was a Salvationist in the strictest sense of the word. After her marriage, instead of going on a honeymoon, as most people do, she, with her husband, went on a tour conducting salvation meetings at a number of corps in the Division where they were stationed. These meetings were highly blessed of God and were as a seal to the solemn contract they had entered into when they became man and wife; that spirit of devotion has never lagged as the thousands of people who have been brought in contact with our Saviour can testify in any part of the country where they have been stationed, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. From those who knew her, you can get nothing but glowing testimonies as to the true character of her Christian life, and although she is gone, yet she liveth, and her work will follow her.

The Funeral.

In the absence of the Commander and Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Miles came to St. Louis to conduct the funeral service of Mrs. Marshall in the Salvation Army No. 1 hall, which we felt would be in accordance with her request. The service was indeed extremely solemn, yet an unspeakably hallowed feeling seemed to pervade the entire place. The remains were brought to the hall

and lay in state from 10 a.m. until the service began at 1.30 p.m., and thousands of people availed themselves of a last fond look at the face they loved so well, and which in the hour of distress and perplexity had smilingly beamed upon them and infused new hope into their souls to encourage them to be true to their God. As an instance of the esteem in which she was held, not only by the better class of citizens, but by those in the more humble walks in life, among which it was her delight to work, a dear old lady who had left her work and had not had time to change her working clothes and sun-bonnet for her better raiment, vended her way up the aisle to the casket, and as she gazed upon the face that she loved, while the tears flowed copiously down her cheeks, she exclaimed, "I have lost a friend indeed, for nearly four years ago that dear saint pointed me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and brought a brightness into my hardened soul and life that has remained ever since. Oh, how I loved her, and shall miss her!"

The crowds that attended the service were far too great for the capacity of the building, and those who managed to get in sat almost breathless through the entire service, which it would be impossible to describe. The prayers that were offered were full of pathos and tenderness beyond expression, and surely they must have reached the dear Col-



Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Marshall.

onel on the mid-ocean and comforted and cheered his heart in this darkest hour of his career. Verbal tributes were given by Adj. Glass, who spoke of the hallowedness of the death chamber and the sweetness of the life of our departed comrade; Major Kimball, the General Secretary, and Brigadier Jenkins, of the North-Western Province, also paid tribute to her memory, while Colonel Miles concluded the service with an address which would give delight if it could be reproduced for the benefit of War Cry readers and friends. After an impressive parade down Franklin Ave., the united bands, officers, and soldiers were conveyed to the Bellefontaine Cemetery by electric cars, where, at the gates, the procession was re-formed, proceeding to the vault, where another impressive ceremony was conducted by Colonel Miles, and our dear departed leader's remains were placed in the vault to await the home-coming of the Colonel. The consecration pledges taken by those around the closed casket will surely redound to the honor and glory of God; in fact, already their fruits are to be seen.—Major Kimball.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

New light does not mean a new sun.

Only the truthful can know the truth.

Divine fear delivers from all other fear.

Hell is not eliminated by a synonym.

The lowly in heart are lifted in honor.

Religion is more than a law; it is a life.

It is easy for a man who hasn't had an introduction to religion to sneer at it.

PROMOTION TO GLORY OF BROTHER ISAAC BRADBURY.

Little did I think when I last met our dear brother, but a few weeks ago, that at this time I would be taking my pen up to chronicle his sad death. How true are those words, "We never can tell when the death-bell will toll." Called away without a moment's warning, falling where he was working upon a timber, never uttering a word after. But oh, how blessed to know that he was ready. We remember his last testimony in one of our Sunday morning meetings. How he loved God, and lived day by day for His blessed Master. Bro. Bradbury was indeed a very earnest Christian, and was loved by all. Although not an enrolled soldier, he loved the Army and made it his place of worship. He loved the march and open-air work. Truly we can say he lived a godly and industrious life, coming here some years ago from Bay Roberts, Nfld., with his family. He was laid to rest in New Westminster cemetery on July 20th, alongside his glorified young daughter, who went to Glory a comrade from this corps some few years ago. Ensign Shanley and Capt. Burton and Jones performing the funeral service. We pray that God will bless and sustain the bereaved ones.

He is not dead; oh, no, but only sleeping.
Calmly and sweetly, on his Saviour's breast.
He is not dead; there is no need for weeping;
He whom we miss has entered into rest.

He is not dead, but only reached the heaven
Where sin and grief can never touch him more;
He is not dead, but free from pain and sorrow,
Forever safe upon the heavenly shore.

No heavy cross, but now the crown unfading;
No weary feet, but perfect, endless bliss;
No aching heart, but everlasting gladness,
Forever in the mansions of the blest.

Oh, may we ever in thy footsteps follow,
And strive to serve thee, Lord, with all our heart,
To follow thee, in spite of pain and sorrow,
And then meet thee in heaven, no more to part.
—Comrade C. M. Nicholson.

PACIFIC PROVINCE SELF-DENIAL COLLECTORS

Who Collected \$10.00 or Over.

Ensign White, Spokane I.	\$128.00
Adj. Blackburn, Rossland	128.25
Ensign Wilkins, Victoria	90.20
Capt. Moore, Great Falls	75.00
Capt. Bryant, Spokane II.	75.00
Adj. Doan, Nelson	71.40
Capt. Heater, Fernie	70.00
Mrs. Andrews, Westminster	70.00
Adj. Andrews, Westminster	65.00
Estate Grove, Great Falls	65.00
Adj. Stevens, Whatcom	65.00
Lieut. Davison, Whatcom	65.00
Capt. Johnstone, Helena	60.00
Mrs. Dowell, Butte	60.00
Capt. Papstein, Nelson	60.00
Adj. Larder, Everett	59.52
Mrs. Larder, Everett	55.00
Lieut. Knudson, Lewistown	52.50
Capt. Huskinson, Lewistown	51.25
Ensign Scott, Missoula	50.00
Capt. Lewis, Missoula	50.00
Capt. Long, Livingston	50.00
Lieut. Massey, Livingston	50.00
Mrs. Wilkins, Victoria	50.00
Capt. McDonald, Billings	47.00
Lieut. Rickard, Billings	47.00
Capt. Crocker, Victoria	47.00
Brother H. Fluke, Butte	30.00
Mrs. Hooker, Spokane I.	30.00
J. S. S.-M. Lewis, Vancouver	30.00
Capt. Jones, Fernie	27.00
Lily Scadden, Helena	25.00
Adj. Dowell, Butte	25.00
Brother Bandy, Mt. Vernon	25.00
Sister McKee, Mt. Vernon	25.00
Mrs. C. Banton, Revelstoke	25.00
Lieut. Robinson, Revelstoke	25.00
Brother Fraser, Nelson	25.00
Capt. Jackson, Mt. Vernon	20.00
Mrs. Crane, Vancouver	19.50
Capt. Davison, Revelstoke	17.50
Sister Tillie Knudson, Whatcom	15.00
Sister Cotton, Mt. Vernon	15.00
Capt. Lloyd, Revelstoke	15.00
Brother McArthur, Butte	15.00
S.-M. Peterson, Helena	14.55
Brother Blake, Helena	14.35
Mrs. Holeton, Whatcom	14.25
P. S. Swilling, Selkirk	10.00
Robt. Beamish, Spokane	10.00
Sister Maggie Curtis, Whatcom	10.00
Nurse Eborall, Spokane I.	10.25
Mrs. Cor Holmes, Fernie	10.00
William Coomes, Billings	10.00
James Ferguson, Billings	10.00
Treas. Noble, Butte	10.00
S.-M. Pearce, Butte	10.00
Serg. Sawyer, Butte	10.00
Sister M. Curtis, Whatcom	10.00
Mrs. White, Spokane I.	10.00
Capt. McKim, Spokane I.	10.00
Tobias Angove, Nelson	10.00
Brother Knudson, Nelson	10.00
Brother Carr, Nelson	10.00
Brother Shillinglaw, Victoria	10.00
Sister Coones, Victoria	10.00
Florrie Pogue, Nelson	10.00

One of the most curious of all the preventive medicines in China is that of soup made from a black cat, which is drunk by blacksmiths in Canton to prevent burns from hot metals.

The village council of Hirsingen (Alsace) has issued the following advertisement: "Wanted! a good man for winding up the steeple clock. No salary at the beginning; later on double."



(Special.)

TRAINING HOME CORPS

An Enjoyable Social.

Better Late Than Never.

Praise God for Victory.

Determined on Victory.

leven for the Week-End.

Adj. and Mrs. Sims Pay a Visit.

Visit from the D. O.

Our Indian Comrades.

God is Still Helping.

have welcomed to our

Up-to-Date.

Our French Comrades to the Fore.

Adj. Hiscock Pays a Visit.

Simcoe.—We are fighting to win. God is crowning our labors with success. Our crowds are good, and two souls sought pardon last week.—A Soldier.

Mighty to Save.

Wingham.—We are having grand times just now and are not daunted by the heat. Capt. Hore was reading from the Word of God the other evening, and deep conviction was the order of the evening, resulting in five souls seeking salvation. On August 26 we had an ice cream social among our soldiers, and all enjoyed themselves. We are looking and believing for much greater times in the future.—Hunee.

One of the wonders of the Bank of England is a weighing machine, which is so delicately adjusted that it can give the accurate weight of a speck of dust, and can also weigh any amount of metal up to 400 pounds. A postage stamp on the scale will swing an indicator on a semi-circle a space of six inches.

[Our Short Story.]

"Copper," the Newsboy.

A Hero of Isaac's Rents.

He picked up a precarious living by selling newspapers. "Copper" was his nickname. Why he was so-called it is hard to say, unless, indeed, it was because he seemed to be all head and tail. His odd little figure was crowned with a mop of what his young trade rivals disdainfully but expressively termed "carrots"; while his roomy trousers, the gift of an ancient and deceased uncle, were sadly rent.

Though Dame Nature had provided covering for his pate, no such provision had been made for his feet, which were badly cracked with chilblains. Around one toe a piece of rag was fastened.

Those chilblains were the bane of "Copper's" life. They hindered him at every turn. The result was that he often had a lot of unsold papers on hand. This meant no profit, and no profit meant no bread. Not that this troubled him. One way or another he could always manage to keep his little body and big soul together. Before now he had subsisted for half a day on orange-peel, and found it wonderfully satisfying.

If the whole truth must be told "Copper" was all but the sole support of his grandmother, who, though nearly blind and very feeble, not only looked after the tiny room at Isaac's Rents, in which "Copper" slept, but also tried to pick up a few pence by tending a charwoman's six months' baby. It was solely on granny's account that "Copper" worried when trade fell off.

"Not so bad."

On the whole he did not do so bad. At least so he thought when he made comparisons with his neighbors. This was one of the compensations of living in a district where everybody was poor, and a number lived on the very doorstep of starvation. When "Copper" looked round—this he did every Sabbath after he had been out with his Sunday editions—he had no difficulty in seeing a few who were worse off than himself. When the mood came upon him he would go off into a deep reverie. Sometimes he sighed when he forgot himself, or thought that his grandmother was dozing. The contrasts in the slums are almost as great as those to be found in the higher walks of life. There is no uniformity in poverty and pain. Not that this afforded him any real consolation, for he was not sick of that strange disease, a symptom of which is rejoicing at the sight of suffering. These contrasts stood out with such startling distinctness that even "Copper" could not fail to see them. So this little hero of Isaac's Rents found plenty of food for reflection. At the best "Copper" was what a compassionate mother of eight children had described as a "regler object" to look at. His skin was dry and unhealthy of color. There was a nasty scar on his face, the result of a horse's kick while scrambling for his halpence one cold night.

If it had not been for his rare blue eyes, his pinched little face would have possessed naught of beauty. "Copper's" eyes, especially when in one of his Sunday afternoon studies, were full of depth and feeling. They looked at their best when the tiny battalion from the neighboring Slum Post, headed by a few bandsmen and the Army flag, marched into Isaac's Rents. Though the band was not one of the Army's best from a musical standpoint, it was the melody of heaven to "Copper."

How He Learned to Pray.

When the Captain held an open-air service under the window out of which "Copper," with his chin upon his palms, was looking, he was very pleased. It was the only bit of religion he, or for that matter the rest of the people of Isaac's Rents, ever had. While he hung out of the window he listened intently to all that was said. There was much of it that he could not understand, but little by

little the truth dawned upon him that Jesus was able and willing to save all who called upon Him. So it happened that "Copper" learnt a little prayer, which he said over and over again, and a strange peace filled his heart. There was nothing strikingly original about "Copper's" choice of song. What was the prime favorite with the noisy children of the Rents was his favorite also.

"Bright crowns there are,
Bright crowns laid up on high.
For you and me
There's a crown of victory."

So it ran. This he sang so often that it is quite likely that the old refrain passed through his mind while he slept. One thing is sure. When on the streets waiting for the paper carts to come, instead of tossing up his halpence with the other boys, he would sit on the kerb to rest his feet and pucker up his lips in an effort to whistle his favorite Army air.

Busted His Toe.

One night when "Copper" had climbed wearily up the rickety stairway of No. 41, where he lived, he found his grandmother very ill. They had been on unusually short commons for a week, so, perhaps, that had helped to make granny bad. Hearing her groan he stumbled in the darkness and knocked his foot with great force against a box. Exhausted as he was with his long day's work on so little, it was more than he could bear, so he fell to the floor groaning in pain.

"What is it, child?" cried his grandmother faintly, for "Copper" was sobbing violently. "Oh, granny, granny, I've bin and busted my big toe, an' now—" (here he broke into more weeping).

"Now what, little one?" weakly whispered the old woman.

"I shan't be able to git out wiv my papers (more tears). It's bin hurtin' all day an' all night, an' now I've bin an' busted it, an' it ain't no good a-tryin'."

"Copper's" grandmother did not answer. When he crawled painfully to the match-box and got a light he saw that she was very ill. Her face was white and drawn with pain.

That night "Copper" was up and down looking after his grandmother. So concerned was he about her that he almost forgot his own suffering. Pressing on his little mind like a cloud was the thought that he would not be able to go out with his papers. During the night he found himself thinking about the band, and the flag, and the Captain. Then he hummed his favorite about wearing a crown when the journey of life is over.

Just when the big red sun came stealing over the forest of chimney-pots "Copper" fell into a troubled sleep. The woman in the third floor back, hearing a groan in granny's room, went in, and took the state of things in at a glance. It was she who fetched the Captain. By the time of that officer's arrival "Copper" was in a state of high fever.

"If I hadn't a-busted it I could 'ave sold 'em," he muttered again and again, while he tossed from side to side. At another time he tried to sing.

During the days and nights that followed, the Captain was in and out of the little room, doing all she could to alleviate the suffering of the old woman and the child. After all, it was but one of the many places where her tender care and practical help were needed. From the first it was evident that granny was sinking, but it was thought that "Copper" would pull through. But God ruled it otherwise. A few weeks after granny had come to the Better World "Copper" was called by the angels to receive the crown of victory about which he loved to sing.

A KIND DEED.

"Is 'oo an angel?"

The childish face, with its dimpled cheeks, so cunningly framed in golden curls, somewhat neglected, 'tis true, but nevertheless beautiful to look on, was uplifted, and from the beautiful, innocent-looking, inquiring eyes, one could almost read the query before it was asked.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the little toddler had been very busy "shopping" for mamma, and, sad to say, she had stumbled on the sidewalk, and from her numbed little fingers her purchase had dropped.

Being eggs, they naturally broke, and baby began to cry.

But from across the way stepped a lady and gentleman. They were very warmly clad, but not luxuriously.

The lady wore a neat sailor hat with a plain ribbon, and the gentleman was garbed in a uniform that proclaimed the fact that he was an officer in the Salvation Army.

Seeing the plight of the little one they stopped, and the officer quickly ran to a neighboring store and purchased a fresh supply of eggs, and meanwhile the lady had stopped with the little mite to comfort her.

Seeing the poor little red hands, so pitifully cold, she drew off her own warm mittens and placed them around the tiny hands, fastening them in a skillful manner with ready pins.

It was then that the little one asked the question I heard, and I, too, wondered if there were not a deal of ground for the supposition.

I have often wished I could trace that couple, for they impressed me greatly by their conduct.

What a beautiful world this would be if we all could do some little action like that!

Indeed, life would be well worth living then. And I have the authority of one who has done many little kindnesses like that when I say that there is a personal feeling of joy when one is enabled to make some one happy, no matter whether they be little children or adults.

Let us, therefore, all follow the good example of that godly couple.—Gradius Gradatum.



To polish a black marble clock, get some fine pumice stone powder; make a pad of washleather, and gently rub all over. Finish off with a piece of velvet.

Front steps are cleaned much easier if, instead of using carborundum, you fold the flannel and dip it lightly in mason's dust and work it smoothly up.

A good tonic for the hair is to get two cents' worth of quassia chips and pour on a pint of boiling water. Let stand for an hour or so, then strain through muslin and bottle. Apply to the hair with a brush of a night. It is also exceptionally good for children's hair.

It is a good thing to take the stain out of an enameled saucepan to boil water in it to which a little chloride of lime has been added.

A little methylated spirit put in rinsing water will make Japanese silk look bright and keep it a good color.

A sponge or face flannel which has become slimy through constant use of soap should be well rubbed with salt and then rinsed in cold water. By this process they become practically new.

If a stone is put in a new kettle it will prevent it ever getting furred, and likewise make it last much longer.

If, when frying fish, a little salt is sprinkled on the bottom of the pan when it is hot, and the fat boiling, the fish can be easily turned without breaking to the least.

Those who are afraid to eat cucumber with salmon should try the simple expedient of boiling the cucumber for about five minutes. Peel before boiling. Cut it into slices after cooking it, and serve either with oil and vinegar or any other sauce that may be preferred. It is less indigestible this way.

In removing the feet from a fowl after just simply cutting the skin at the joint, give them a good twist or two. This will loosen the tendons and they come out easily. This simple expedient makes the legs as much a dainty as the wing.

If you just want to boil a little salmon steak plunge it into hot water with a little salt, and boil it cooked. It will be found this mode of cooking retains the color of the salmon as well as keeps it firm. Large pieces can, of course, be cooked the same way.

In cooking peas do not put the salt in until nearly done. They will be found to be much more tender. Black cashmere or serge dresses wear very nicely if they are put into blue water and washed with a brush. Hang on the line without wringing them. (Do not on any account use soap.)

A parakeet in the Zoological Gardens has lived more than fifty years without drinking anything. Patagonian llamas live for years without tasting water, and the peculiar class of cows bred near Losere, in France, and noted for the richness of their milk, take it extremely rarely.



Canadian Cuttings.

Another sad accident, news of which comes from Halifax, N.S., occurred at the mouth of Bear River, in calm weather, during broad daylight. A party went on a fishing expedition, and as their yacht caught on the bar they decided to row to shore in the small boat. By some accident they capsized, and the result was the loss of seven lives. Only one survived out of the party.

Hubert Hamilton, the second son of the Bishop of Ottawa, has met with a serious accident in Riverside, Col. While diving in a swimming tank he struck the bottom, with the result that he is now paralyzed from the neck down.

A serious accident was reported on the 3rd inst., from Winnipeg, where forty-five people were injured by the collapse of a huge cattle shed at the Exhibition grounds. They had climbed on the top of the shed to watch a wrestling match, thus avoiding payment, and their weight proved too great a strain for the structure.

Two cars of the Toronto & Mimico Railway Co. came together on a switch at New Toronto, and as a result of the accident Mrs. Martha Jilks, wife of Constable Jilks, was severely injured.

From St. Thomas, Ont., is reported the news of an accident, causing more or less injury to six or seven persons. It occurred on the Lake Erie & Detroit River Railway on August 1st.

The death is announced from Chambly, Que., of Mr. Louis Laquesse, the father of Canada's noted singer, Madame Albani.

Six passengers were injured by a trolley running away down Bathurst St., Toronto, at a break-neck speed, the motorman losing control. It is calculated that its speed before stoppage was forty-five miles an hour.

The death occurred, from heart failure, at his residence on Wellesley St., Toronto, of James Cox Atkins, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and for some time Secretary of State for Canada.

From Brampton comes news of a disastrous fire that destroyed the year's cut of hay and 1,200 bushels of wheat, the property of Mr. Robert Dales. Threshing was going on, and it is supposed sparks from the engine caused the blaze. The threshing outfit was also lost.

Five buildings were destroyed by fire at Dresden, Ont., including a restaurant, tailor's and barber's shop, and a grocery store.

U. S. Siftings.

A woman jumped from the fifth floor of the Mount Sinai Hospital, at New York, and was killed.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, wife of General Miles, died at West Point, from heart failure, on the 1st inst. She had just been visiting her son at the Academy.

Mrs. Ella S. Betts was caught by the neck in the doors of an elevator in Abraham & Strauss' departmental store in Brooklyn, and killed.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has been elected Captain of Company D of the 12th Regiment of New York State Militia. Mr. Vanderbilt, who is the richest citizen soldier in the country, enlisted in the 12th Regiment as a private, and was serving as a lieutenant on his election to his present post.

Mr. Frank Bostwick, of Springfield, Ohio, has been appointed Court Dentist to the Sultan of Morocco's household. While attending to the teeth of the Royal ladies of the harem, Mr. Bostwick is to act under the supervision of two of the Sultan's soldiers, the latter to be armed with battle-axes.

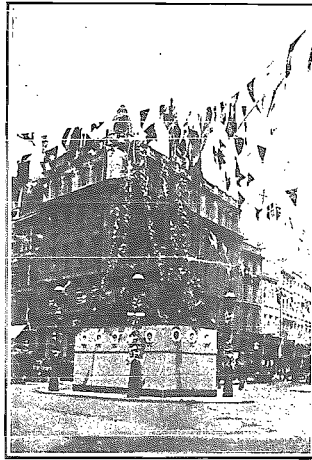
A collision occurred between a work-car and an electric tram at the town of Roosevelt, Long Island, in which thirty children were more or less seriously injured. The children were all Sunday School scholars of St. George's Episcopal Church, of Hempstead, Long Island, who were bound for a day's outing.

A despatch from Meadville, Penn., says that Mrs. Mary Murphy has just died at her home in Kertown, aged 134 years. She was born in Dublin, Ireland, on Christmas Day, 1770, and came to America in 1870. Her second husband survives her.

British Briefs.

The King and Queen visited Liverpool and laid the foundation stone of the Cathedral.

The King has conferred on Sergt. Nunnerley, formerly of the 17th Lancers, who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the medal for meritorious service. The Secretary to the Army Council has intimated to Sergeant Nunnerley that King Edward bestows this honor upon him, together with the annuity, "at a reward for his



Decorations in Honor of the King's Passing, London.

long and highly meritorious service, including the Crimean War." Nunnerley is a man of splendid physique, standing 6ft. 2 in., and, in spite of his years, retains a fine soldierly appearance. Two brothers also served with him in the Crimea.

The Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, London, which is being erected in memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in South Africa.

Mr. Herbert Campbell, London's popular comedian, died after a painful illness originating through a paralytic stroke.

Princess Victoria, daughter of Princess Christian, who was operated on for appendicitis, is progressing satisfactorily.

At the Savoy Hotel, London, the other day, a chambermaid found in the fire grate a silk handkerchief containing jewels and notes to the value of thousands of dollars. Subsequently a wireless telegram was received asking the authorities of the hotel to hold anything found in the fireplace.

The South Parade Pier, Southsea, has been destroyed by fire.

A man who had been a cripple for four years was so startled at the sight of a fire near Seven Dials that he flung away his crutches, and, forgetting his paralysis, rushed into the burning house and helped rescue the

inmates. He had been a music hall artist and was in receipt of a pension from Mr. R. G. Knowles, the well-known comedian.

International Items.

As a result of a landslide which occurred at the Bourg d'Oisans, near Grenoble, a farmer named Giraud and his daughter were thrown from a height of 300 feet and killed.

Capt. Panajotovic, who was on guard at the Serbian Royal Palace when King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated, and who was seriously injured by the regicides, died of his wounds. He was buried, says a Belgrade message, with military honors.

The Brunswick Landeszeitung states that the German Crown Prince will embark on a voyage around the world in the autumn on board the training ship, Charlotte, which is now being prepared for sea.

From Hong Kong the news comes that the British cruiser Leviathan arrived with her bot on extensively damaged. During rough weather she dragged her anchor and struck a rock.

A schooner, laden with sugar, grounded off the coast of New Jersey, and the cargo was thrown overboard. The proprietor of an oyster-bed in the vicinity is suing for damages, because sugar does not agree with oysters.

How Others View It.

The following opinion of the London Daily News on the "Two Days With God," held in the International Congress Hall, is worth re-printing in these pages, as giving a glimpse of how they are viewed by one outside of our ranks, and representing a fair-minded public.

With the Salvationists.

"Two days with God" was the startling announcement which described the character of yesterday's and to-day's meeting in the Salvation Army Strand Hall. The inventor of the phrase is General Booth. When first employed, some ten years ago, it was presented to the public in what appeared an offensive form, but as the nature of the gatherings became understood the prejudice was dispelled. For it signifies nothing more or less than the spiritual communion of Salvationists and such as gather for devotional exercises. Nevertheless, the "two days" have, in the hands of the leader, a peculiarity of their own, and a Staff Officer informs us that no event at this Congress was looked forward to with greater interest by the foreign delegates than this.

It is no exaggeration to say that next to the training institutions of the Army these "days with God" have shaped the destiny of the Salvation Army. They are the reverse of exciting, except when the final appeal is followed by efforts to bring people to the penitent form. The General is seen at them in a form not usually associated with the general nature of his public work. He is a theologian, argumentative in style, symmetrical and sermonic in the arrangement of his matter, and in delivery calm and decisive.

Yesterday morning's discourse was an example. His address occupied forty minutes in delivery, but he never moved from one position on the platform. The subject was "Assurance," which he considered in its negative and positive aspects. Scarcely a volley of Amens was raised during the discourse, while the vast audience of fully 5,000 appeared as profoundly interested as they were—or, at least, the Salvationist portion of them—jubilant when, the night before, Indians danced and beat their tom-toms.

Your up-to-date Salvationist is essentially a thinker as well as a pleader, and the General has exhibited his usual sagacity in devoting his so many meetings during the Congress to the strictly devotional side of the officers' and soldiers' work.

OUR BAY COLUMN.

St. Vitus Dance (Chorea).

This disease is characterized by irregular and aimless movements of the different muscles, without the agency of the will; in fact, often in opposition to the desire of the individual.

The muscles first affected are commonly located either in the arm, or hand, or in the face.

The irregularity of the movement may remain, limited to any single extremity for a long time, or may rapidly progress so as to involve all of the extremities, and even the trunk itself. The appearance presented by the subject of this affection are most ludicrous; the first impression of the spectator is that it is voluntary performance for the amusement of the by-standers. More than a century ago Sydenham described chorea as "a species of convulsions, which attacks boys and girls from the age of ten years." First, it shows itself by a lameness, or an instability of one of the legs, which the patient drags after him like a fool. Afterwards it appears in the hand of the same side, while he that is affected with the disease can by no means keep in the same posture for one moment. If it be brought to the chest it will be distorted to another position by a convulsion, let the patient do what he can. If a cup full of drink be placed in his hand, he will make a thousand gestures, like jugglers, before he brings it to his mouth; for, whereas he cannot carry it to his mouth in a straight line, his hand being drawn hither and thither by the convulsion, he turns it often about for some time, till at length, happily reaching his lips, he flings it suddenly into his mouth, and drinks it greedily, as if desirous only to make sport.

The constant activity causes exhaustion, so that the patient may be unable to perform the acts necessary to supply his daily wants. He may even be unable to walk, not because his legs are too weak, but simply because they will not obey his will. In most cases the contortions become more violent as the patient's efforts to control his muscles become more vigorous.

The affection is not accompanied with fever, but the general health is somewhat impaired. In many instances there is decided pallor and often some emaciation. The mind becomes impaired. At times the power of speech is practically lost on account of the lack of control of the muscles whereby articulation is affected. In those cases the patient seems more stupid and imbecile than is actually the case. The strength of the muscles which are affected by the disease is diminished, and in consequence there is apt to be general impairment of muscular strength. At times, also, the sense of touch is impaired, especially in that part of the body which is subject to the disease.

St. Vitus dance may occur at any time in life. The affection lasts ordinarily from two to four months; it may terminate earlier than that period, or may, on the other hand, last for years. Cases are known, indeed, in which the individual has suffered from it during his entire life. It terminates usually in recovery, yet the disease may recur several times in the same person, although finally disappearing permanently.

We are looking for you

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We search for missing persons in any part of the globe; in England, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Constance, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. (Telephone: 2511.) Send no money. Only cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a photograph is desired to be sent, it should be accompanied by a letter, and a change of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4548. ALLEN, WILLIAM GAZELEY. Age 41 years, height 5ft., brown hair, grey eyes, medium complexion. May be in the Western States. American Cry please copy.

4542. GRAVELLE, JOSEPH. Age 59 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark complexion; occupation, fiddler; nationality, French-Canadian. Last heard of in St. George, Ont.

4544. WOOD, JOHN MARSH. Age about 18 years, height 5ft. 6in., black hair, dark eyes and complexion, stoutly built and muscular. Is supposed to be engaged in farm work. American Cry please copy.

4518. CAMPBELL, PETER. Age 27 years, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair, grey eyes, laborer. Left Glasgow, Scotland, some five years ago, but has not been heard of since. Mother broken-hearted. American Cry please copy.

4545. PEMBERTON, HARRY. Age 28 years, height 5ft. 10in., light hair, grey eyes, fair complexion; occupation laborer. Walks badly and has to have his boots made to his own last, which he has with him. Is supposed to have gone to Winnipeg.

4546. MAKIN, DAVID NICOL. Age 25 years, height 5ft. 4in., light brown hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. Was last known to be in Toronto, Canada.

(Second Insertion.)

4541. WOOD. Information wanted of Edward Wood and daughters—Gertrude and Ada—last heard of sixteen years ago in Cambridge, Mass. Son and brother anxious.

4539. LAMB, JAMES ROBERT WILSON DALGLISH. Age 23 years, height 5ft. 6in., black hair, grey eyes, Scotchman by birth; occupation, portmanteau and trunk maker. Any information thankfully received.

"Are You Ready?"

SEE OUR OFFER FOR AUGUST.

THESE WORDS suggest to Salvationists an old time chorus pertaining to a much more important question than temporal affairs. All the same, personal com-

fort has a good deal to do with our health and the success of our efforts. We may, then, be excused for applying the question as to whether our Officers and Soldiers are properly equipped for the Summer Campaign, in which standing in the open air necessarily plays an important part. As is well known, dark goods attract the heat of the sun, and though the material may be light in weight, it will always be much warmer than a light shade of material. The

Fawn Dress Goods and Fawn Hat

make an ideal Summer Costume. It is very pleasing in appearance, cool-looking and cool-feeling, and is very reasonable in cost.

The out-door costume is made complete by one of our Regulation Detachable-Collar Waterproofs

in case of a shower. This is a beautiful silk garment with rubber lining. It is light and durable as well as being neat and good looking. The cost of the complete outfit is as follows:

One Summer Hat	\$1 75
Ten Yards Fawn Dress Goods	2 70
One Ladies' Silk Rubber-Lined Rain Coat	8 00

12 45

IF ORDERED DURING AUGUST 11 25

The money saved will go a long way towards paying the cost of making the suit

We have a few of the

Men's Waterproofs at \$6.00.

There is no question as to the quality of this garment at the price. Guaranteed as to proofing and dye, makes a nice-looking fall or spring coat, and will wear like iron.

Prices quoted on

MEN'S SUMMER SUITS OR TUNICS

and Samples sent on request.

ADDRESS

**THE TRADE SECRETARY,
S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, Ont.**

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—I Am Coming to the Cross (N.B.B. 81); I'm Believing (N.B.B. 82).

- 1 Come, Thou burning Spirit, come!
From the Father and the Son
Let us now Thy glory see.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come, great Spirit, come.
Let the mighty deed be done;
Satisfy our soul's desire—
Now we trust Thee for the fire.

On the altar now we lay
Soul and body, mind and will!
All the evil passions slay,
Come and every corner fill.

Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye.
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

Now by faith the gift I claim,
Bought for me by blood divine,
Through the all-prevailing Name
All the promises are mine.

Tune.—I Bring My All to Thee (N.B.B. 35).

- 2 Oft have I heard Thy tender voice
Calling, dear Lord, to me,
Asking a quiet, yet lasting, choice,
"Twixt worldly joys and Thee;
Savouring my heart's deep fountain springs,
Breaking the barriers down,
Bidding me rise on faith's strong wings,
Crying, "No cross, no crown!"

Chorus.

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
I wish I were more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee.
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

By Lieut. Edith Thornton.

Tune.—Nearer, My God, to Thee.

- 3 Dear Lord, here is my heart,
Oh, fill it now;
Cleanse it in every part
While here I bow.
Lord, show Thyself to me,
From far now set me free,
I want true liberty;
Cleanse me just now.

All that I have is Thine,
Cleanse me just now;
Lord, let the fire refine
And cleanse me now;
Here burn up all the dross,
My glory is the cross,
For Thee I'll suffer loss,
Cleanse me just now.

Closer to Thee I cling,
Cleanse me just now;
Here, Lord, is my refining,
Cleanse me just now.
Then, when the way is dark,
And Satan bids me "Hark!"
Oh, steer my storm-tossed barque,
And lead me home.

HALLELUJAH! SEND THE GLORY!

Tune.—My God, I Am Thine (N.B.B. 117).

- 4 My God, I am Thine; what a con-
fession divine!
What a blessing to know that my Jesus
is mine!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! send the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! send the glory,
Revive us again.

In the Heavenly Lamb thrice happy I
am,
And my heart it doth dance at the
sound of His name.

True pleasures abound in the rapturous
sound,
And whoever has known it his paradise
found.

My Jesus . . . know, and to feel His blood
flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste to the heavenly
feast,
That, that is the fulness, this is but the
taste.

EXPERIENCE.

By C.-C. Willie Craig, Chatham, N.B.
Tune.—A Light Came Out of Darkness.

- 5 In sin I long did wonder,
With darkness in my soul.
I did not know the Saviour
That makes the sinner whole.
My life I was not pleased with,
I had not peace within,
Until I sought salvation,
Then Jesus took me in.

Chorus.

My sins, my sins,
They now are washed away.
And now I have the Saviour's grace,
Which helps me stern temptations face.
My sins, my sins,
They now are washed away.

I heard the Saviour calling,
The voice was sweetly plain,
He told me I must follow
If I would heaven gain.
I prayed to God for pardon,
And victory over sin,
And, bless the name of Jesus,
My Saviour took me in.

I now am on God's highway,
That Jesus trod before,
And if I am but faithful
I'll reach that shining shore.
Oh, could I tell the story,
So that it would not fail
To touch the hearts of sinners,
And for my Lord prevail.

COME, SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

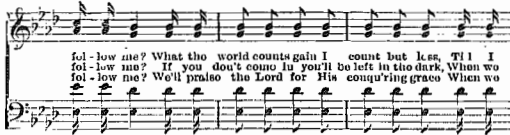
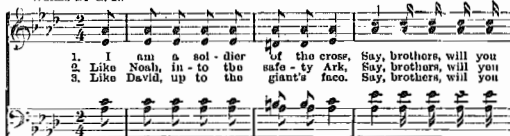
By Sister Vannet, Fargo, N.D.

Tune.—Now Just a Word for Jesus.

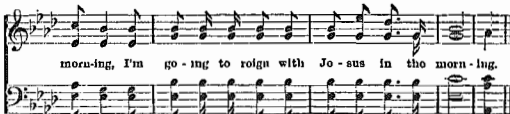
- 6 Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
Who came to earth to die,
And gain for us poor rebels
A home beyond the sky.

In the Morning.

Wonna ny G. R.



Chorus.



Like Peter, down to the souls unclean,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
Oh, how we'll laugh at the critics' sneer,
When we meet Him in the sky.

Like Paul, to seek all the world alike,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
Good soldiers, He sent us to the end,
When we meet Him in the sky.

Like the leper, who shouted Jesus' name,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
He'll welcome us, if we spread His fame,
When we meet Him in the sky.

Like the noble widow, whose name's unknown
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
For God'll rear her the rod and blue,
When we meet her in the sky.

Whatever all the rest may do,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
For God'll rear her the rod and blue,
Till I meet Him in the sky.

Like Mary, to tell where the Lord to find,
Say, sisters, will you follow me?
How much women talk will anybody mind,
When we meet her in the sky?

Chorus.

Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
Our precious, precious Friend;
He never will forsake us,
But keep us to the end.

Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
He shed His own heart's blood
To satisfy our sin justice,
And make our peace with God.

Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
He cleanses from all sin,
He fills us with His Spirit,
And makes us pure within.

Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
He keeps us every day,
And guides our trembling footsteps
Along the narrow way.

Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
For when the heart is sad,
He comes with His sweet presence,
And soon we are made glad.

Come, sing the praise of Jesus,
And do His holy will,
Obey His blessed precepts,
And His commands fulfill.

Come, live your life for Jesus,
And when on earth 'tis done,
Before assembled nations
He'll claim you for His own.

SALVATION.

Tunes.—He is Bringing (The Ranter) (N.B.B. 165);
Christ Now Sits (N.B.B. 79).

- 7 Welcome, welcome, sinner, here!
Hang not back through shame nor fear—
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Chorus.

Tread the powers of darkness down;
He that conquers wins a crown.

Welcome to the offered peace,
Welcome, prisoner, to release;
Burst thy bonds; be saved, be free;
Rise and come—He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent;
Grace has led thee to repent.
Welcome, long rebellious child;
God in Christ is reconciled.

All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest;
All is ready, hear the call;
There is ample room for all.

Tune.—Tucker (N.B.B. 125).

- 8 Look, sinner, see thy Saviour die
On the tree.
To guilty souls now hear Him cry,
Come to Me!
Why not to Calvary's fountain go?
And it will wash thee white as snow;
For thee that cleansing stream did flow
On the tree.

Why still rush onward down to hell?
Turn and flee!
Where sinners must forever dwell!
Turn and flee!
No longer spurn His offered grace;
Do not reject Him to His face;
But start at once the heavenly race;
Turn and flee!

Soon death will come and call for thee;
Turn and flee!
Thou canst not tell when it will be;
Turn and flee!
How sad, indeed, will be thy doom,
If thou shouldst hear the cry, "No
room!"
And sink right down to hell's dark
gloom.

Turn and flee!
Oh, now be wise, forsake thy sin;
Come to-day.
Why not in earnest now begin?
Come to-day.
Christ now will pardon all thy past;
Thy sins behind His back He'll cast,
And keep thee true while life shall last.
Come to-day.

Tune.—At the Cross There's Room (N.B.B. 209).

- 9 Sinner, oh, hear the Saviour's voice
calling now to thee;
Leave thy sin, make Him thy choice,
He can set thee free;
Though for years you've spurned His
grace,
And have mocked Him to His face,
As He calls, thy steps retrace, where
He waits for thee.

On the cross, thy sin to bear, He was
crucified;
See Him now extended there, with His
bleeding side;
See His wounded hands and feet,
Hear His loving voice so sweet;
Come, while now He doth entreat, 'twas
for Thee He died.